WAID - AUGUSTYN - KITSON - BAIR

JLA™ YEAR ONE

NO.4

APR '98

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

INTERACTION

"SNAPPER, THE SECURITY SYSTEM DOESN'T NEED ANY MORE SHIELD STRENGTH!"

SHOWS HOW MUCH THEY KNOW.

HQ ACCESS/ SECURITY SHIELDS

BINGO! THAT SEPARATES THE NEODYMIUM PLATES-- WHICH GIVES ME ROOM TO AMP THE--

--OOPS.

SNAP

SNAP

OKAY. NO CRISIS. IF I JUST CROSSWIRE THE--

OOPS.

THIS ISN'T THE TRANSFORMER, IS IT? IT--

OOPS.

MAN, WHO'S THE MORON WHO SEPARATED THE NEODYMIUM PLATES?

NO CRISIS, NO CRISIS. ALL I GOTTA DO IS REHITCH THE... FRAMI-STAT TO THE... HICKEY-MADODGER BEFORE ANYONE--

...ALL I'M SAYING IS THAT IF THE JSA HAD FOUGHT A GIANT STAR-FISH, THEY'D HAVE--

ENOUGH WITH THE JSA!

--GETS BACK--!

AH, LEAVE HER ALONE, GUYS.

YOU'RE ALWAYS DEFENDING HER, FLASH! YOU--

HEY! WHO LEFT THE DOOR OPEN?

AH-HA!

GL, RELAX. IT'S THE KID WHO TIPPED US ON HOW TO BEAT STARRO, REMEMBER?

HE WORKS HERE. WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU?

OH. RIGHT. THE HANDYMAN. HANDYKID. WHATEVER. WHAT'S YOUR NAME AGAIN, HANDYKID?

SNAPPER CARR? HELLO? RING A BELL?

Y'KNOW, I KEEP YOUR NAMES STRAIGHT.

GREEN LANTERN.

BLACK CANARY.

MARTIAN MANHUNTER.

AQUAMAN.

SEEMS LIKE THE LEAST YOU COULD DO IS LEARN MINE, I WORK THAT HARD FOR YOU.

BY THE WAY, I TRIPLED THE OUTPUT OF THE POWER CORE, THE MONITOR NOW PICKS UP WORLDWIDE DISTRESS BANDS, AND I FIXED THE SHORT LEG ON THE CONFERENCE TABLE.

ALL SINCE *LAST NIGHT?*

HECK, NO. LAST NIGHT, I SYNCHED ALL THE *TIMEPIECES* TO AN *ATOMIC CLOCK.*

CLOCK! WHAT TIME IS--?

OH, *NO!* IT'S ALMOST *SEVEN A.M.!*

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT *YOU* GUYS, BUT I HAVE A *JOB* TO GET TO.

NEED A *LIFT...?*

TRANSLATION: "CAN I MEET YOUR *MOM*, THE *HOT BLOND BABE?*"

NICE *TRY,* LANTERN... BUT SHE'D EAT YOU *ALIVE.* LATER!

I'VE GOT A CLOCK TO PUNCH AS WELL. SEE YOU!

WAIT! WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT *LOCUS* IS UP TO! WEREN'T WE GOING TO TRY TO FIND *OUT--?*

ANOTHER DAY, MY FRIEND.

THE REST OF US HAVE *PRIVATE LIVES* TO WHICH WE MUST ATTEND.

BUT...

HEY, THEY COME, THEY *GO.* YOU'RE NOT *BUSY,* YOU WANNA HELP ME INSTALL THE *DISINTEGRATION PIT?*

SURE. GOT A *BULB WRENCH?*

OH, YEAH. YOU'RE NOT MUCH OF A *TOOL* GUY. FORGOT.

I'M GOING TO REST IN MY PRIVATE QUARTERS, THEN... GO FOR A SWIM.

AS FOR THE OTHERS... LET THEM HAVE THEIR "PRIVATE LIVES." I ONLY HOPE THAT *LOCUS* IS TAKING THE DAY OFF, *TOO...*

WHILE YOU WERE OUT...

MARK WAID
BRIAN AUGUSTYN
BARRY KITSON
STORYTELLERS

MICHAEL BAIR
GUEST INKER

PAT GARRAHY
COLORIST

KEN LOPEZ
LETTERER

HEROIC AGE
SEPARATOR

PETER TOMASI
EDITOR

LOCUS HEADQUARTERS.

THAT'S THE STARRO TENTACLE? PUT IT IN CRYO. IT'S GOT REGENERATIVE CAPABILITIES.

HOW'S THE NEW PROJECT GOING?

LOOK FOR YOURSELF.

I SEE THE ENTRAPMENT DEVICE IS READY. AND THE RAY PROJECTOR?

IN ON SCHEDULE... AND UNDER BUDGET, THANKS TO THE COMBINED GENIUS OF T.O. MORROW AND PROFESSOR IVO.

USING THE ALIEN DNA WE'VE HARVESTED, WE'VE ALSO CONSTRUCTED THE GRAFT DONOR.

NOW ALL WE NEED IS OUR TEST SUBJECT. WHO WAS CHOSEN?

WE WENT WITH THE BLUE BEETLE.

HE'S IN CUSTODY, THEN?

"SOON."

NO... GET AWAY...

GET AWAY!

WHAT ABOUT THE JLA?

DON'T WORRY. THEY'RE STILL FULLY UNDER INVESTIGATION...

...AND WHEN SHE *INVERTED* AT *MACH TWO*, LORA, I ACTUALLY BEGAN TO LOSE *CONSCIOUSNESS*. GOOD THING I WAS ABLE TO *RECONVERT* HER ALONG THE *Z-AXIS*.

DON'T LET ANYONE TELL YOU TEST-PILOTING ISN'T THE *TOUGHEST JOB* WE *DO* HERE AT FERRIS AIRCRAFT.

LEAST OF ALL, THE *MECHANIC*...

YOU'VE MET MY FRIEND *PIE*, OF COURSE. PAY HIM NO HEED.

HERE. YOU'RE AN F.A.A. INVESTIGATOR. INVESTIGATE THIS *HELMET*.

WHAT DOES IT *DO*?

WHOA! I'M *DIZZY!*

WHAT AM I *LOOKING* AT? *COMPUTER* READOUT?

QUITE A *LIGHTSHOW*, ISN'T IT? IT GATHERS SENSORY DATA, WHICH HELPS THE *GROUND CREW*.

YEAH. IT TELLS US WHERE HE'S GONNA *CRASH*.

THIS TIME.

OH, *BROTHER*...

--*MMMMFF*!

NOT MUCH FOR THE *EJECT* BUTTON, MR. JORDAN?

WHAT CAN I *TELL* YOU? I LIKE TO RIDE *HARD* AND RIDE *LONG*.

HEY, LADY! YOU WANNA HEAR THE *REAL* POOP ON HAL JORDAN, YOU JUST LISTEN TO--

MMFF! MMFF!

LET'S GET THIS OFF YOU. YOU LOOK SO MUCH BETTER *WITHOUT* IT.

ARE YOU *FLIRTING* WITH ME, MR. JORDAN? THAT'S *DANGEROUS* TERRITORY...!

CALL ME *COURAGEOUS*. HOW ABOUT *DINNER*?

I'M HERE ON *BUSINESS*, HAL.

THEN CALL IT A *BUSINESS* DINNER.

TSK, TSK. YOU HARDLY *KNOW* ME. FOR ALL YOU KNOW, I MIGHT HAVE A *SECRET* LIFE.

WE *ALL* HAVE SECRET LIVES, MISS--

HAL JORDAN!

UH-OH.

HERE COMES THE *BOSS*.

I'LL... JUST BE OVER HERE...

WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT?

I'LL TELL YOU WHERE YOU *WEREN'T!*

YOU *WEREN'T* DELIVERING *X-99 PILOT SPECS* TO THE *PENTAGON BRASS!*

OH.

THAT.

I HAD TO TALK *RINGS* AROUND THEM TO KEEP THEM CALM! HALF THIS YEAR'S *BUDGET* WAS DEPENDENT ON THEIR *PENSTROKE!*

IT'S BEEN BRUTAL ENOUGH TO KEEP TRACK OF YOU THESE PAST FEW MONTHS...BUT THESE LAST FEW *WEEKS*, YOU'VE BEEN DIVIDING YOUR TIME EVEN *FURTHER!*

I *DEMAND* TO KNOW WHERE YOU *WERE* LAST NIGHT!

I...

...

I WAS BUSY *ELSEWHERE.*

THAT'S *IT?* DO YOU *ALWAYS* HAVE TO BE SO *HONEST?* YOU CAN'T DO BETTER THAN "I WAS *BUSY*"?

SICK *UNCLE?* TRAPPED IN AN *ELEVATOR?*

FLAT *TIRE* ON YOUR WAY *IN?*

PLEASE, HAL. I DON'T *WANT* TO SUSPEND YOU. GIVE ME *SOMETHING* TO *WORK* WITH HERE.

I CAN'T.

FINE! *WHATEVER'S* BEEN TAKING UP SO MUCH OF YOUR *TIME* LATELY-- *ENJOY IT!*

YOU, MISTER, ARE *GROUNDED!*

OCEAN WORLD

MOMMY? WHAT KINDA FISH IS *THAT* MAN?

MAN? THERE'S NO *MAN* IN THE *TANK*, HONEY. WHAT ARE YOU *TALKING*...

...ABOUT...?

THERE HE *IS*--THAT *AQUAMAN* GUY! I HAD 'IM *PEGGED* FOR A TROUBLEMAKER!

OUTTA THE *DRINK*, YOU!

DON'T POINT THAT AT ME.

I MERELY CAME TO SEE IF MY IMPRISONED BROTHERS WERE BEING *TREATED* DECENTLY.

O.U.T.

OUT.

YOU THINK JUST 'CAUSE YOU'RE A SOOPER-HERO--

NO. I THINK BECAUSE I'M NOT A SURFACE-DWELLER.

DON'T GET SMART! WE'RE HERE TO SAFEGUARD THE FISH AGAINST VANDALS AND FREAKS!

DO I LOOK LIKE A VANDAL?

I WAS THINKING MORE THE OTHER ONE, YOU FR--

WHOA! OFFICER PEREZ, U.S. COAST GUARD. MY AUTHORITY HERE IS LIMITED, SON, BUT I'LL USE IT FULLY IF I HAVE TO.

PUT THE GUN AWAY.

HOLA MUCHACHO, EARLY, I SEE. WASSUP?

I EXHIBITED COMPASSION.

IT EARNED ME CRIMINAL TREATMENT.

NICE COUNTRY YOU HAVE HERE.

DID YOU PRACTICE THE LINE I GAVE YOU FOR MOMENTS LIKE THESE?

"GET YOUR STINKING PAWS OFF ME, YOU DAMN DIRTY APE"?

:SIGH:

NO, NOT THAT ONE. THE ONE THAT STARTS, "I'M A MEMBER OF THE--

JUSTICE LEAGUE!

HEADS UP! IT'S THAT AQUAGUY FROM THE JUSTICE LEAGUE!

NO PICTURES!

OH, FOR--! YOU HEARD HIM! OUT OF OUR WAY!

:NNFH!:

HEY!

:UUUH!:

FOLLOW ME.

LAWYER! I WANT A LAWYER! ASSAULT!

YOU'RE ALL WITNESSES!

WHY DO THEY *MOB* LIKE THAT? ARE THEY *ALL* INSANE?

I CAN SEE HOW YOU'D *THINK* SO, BUT--

EXCUSE ME, BUT--

I *SAID*, I CAME TO SEE IF THE *FISH* WERE ALL RIGHT!

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

ARE THEY OKAY...?

BASICALLY, YES. THEY'RE WELL CARED FOR. THEY KNOW THEY'RE LOVED AND SHIELDED FROM PREDATORS.

SOME OF THEM EVEN PREFER IT HERE.

THANK YOU.

C'MON. *VAMANOS*. LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO *SOMETHING NEW*. IT'S CALLED "COFFEE."

"*DECAFFEINATED* COFFEE."

WE'VE BEEN AT THIS ALL DAY. WE'LL NEVER CATCH HIM.

ALWAYS WITH THE NEGATIVITY, MONSIEUR. YOU LOOM FOREVER LIKE THE BLACK CLOUD.

DO NOT LECTURE ME, MADAME. WE BOTH LONG ONLY TO PLEASE THE MASTER.

?

:GHUUH!:

SEIZE HIM!

THWAM!

:

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU RETURNED! HOW GOES THE GATHERING?

A SUCCESS, MASTER. PLEASE... BE PROUD OF US.

QUIET, YOU APE!

... NEVER THOUGHT THAT NEW DETECTIVE... WHAT'S HIS NAME... PARIS?...

...PARIS JACKSON... NEVER THOUGHT HE'D STOP TALKING!

IT'S ALWAYS GOOD TO MAKE NEW FRIENDS ON THE FORCE, BUT NOW I'M LATE FOR MY DATE!

US MAIL

OH, BOY. LATER THAN I THOUGHT! IRIS IS ALREADY AT MY DOOR!

DING DONG

BARRYYYYY--!

DING DONG

THIS IS THE WAY I TREAT MY FIANCÉE?

I PROMISED HER DINNER--

--SO I'D BETTER SHAKE A LEG!

HOW CAN HE NOT BE HOME?

I FEEL AN ANEURYSM COMING ON.

CALL LAW

COOK FOR IRIS!

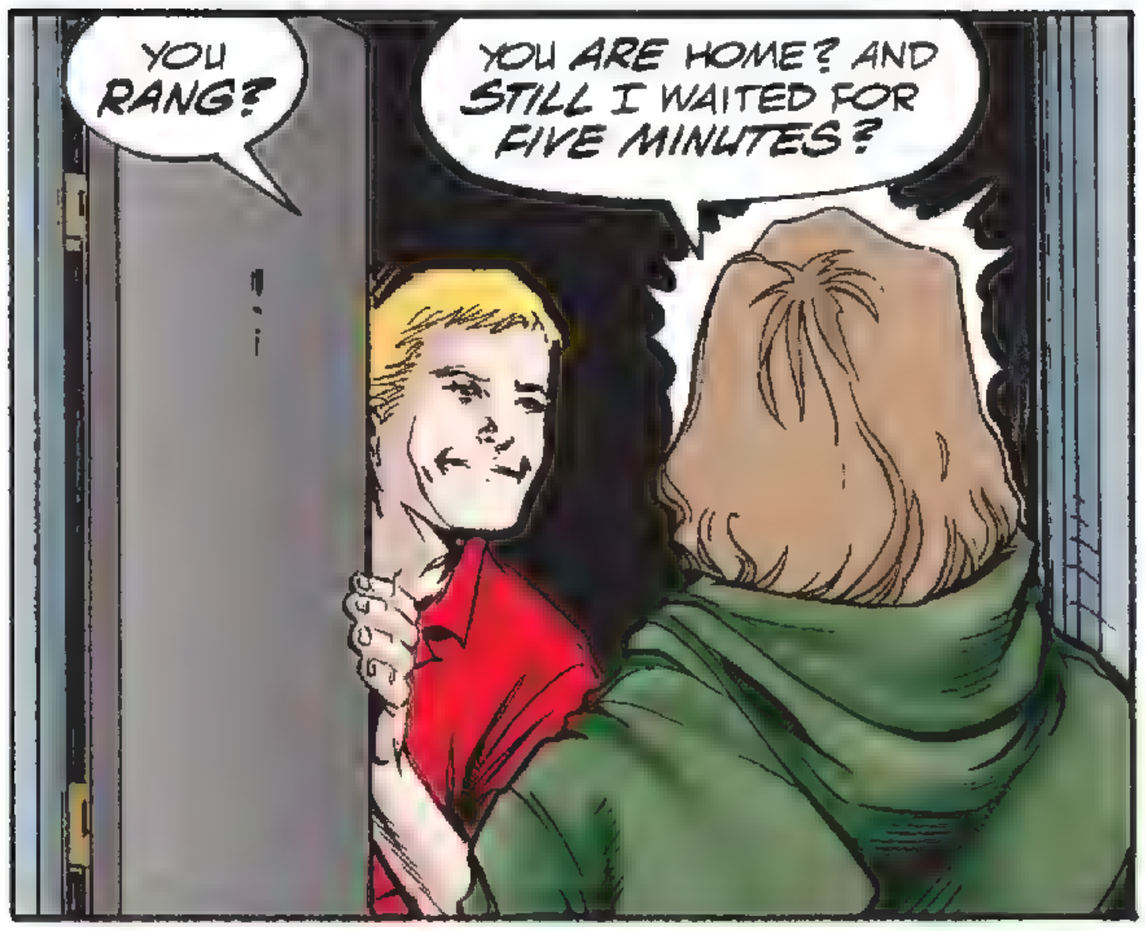
DON'T FORGET TO CALL PETER

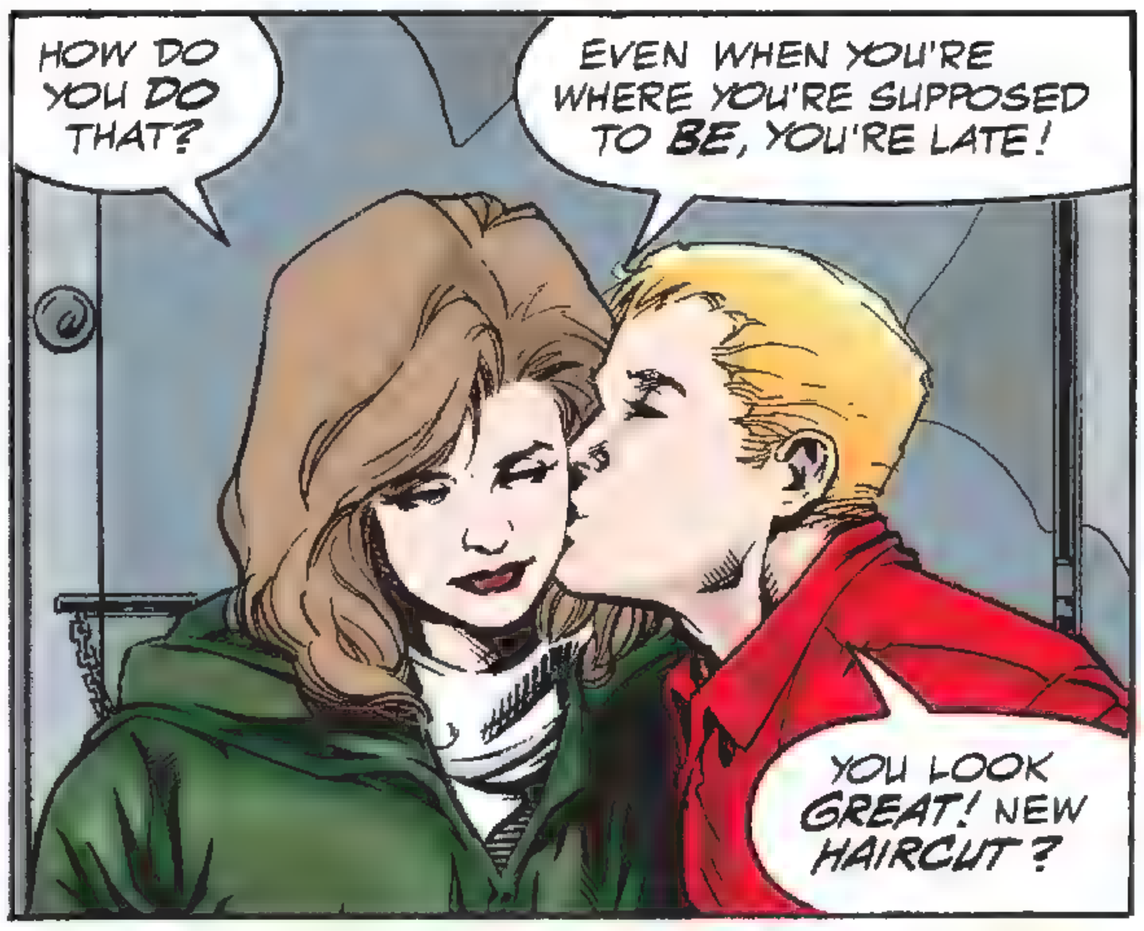
ONE MORE TRY...

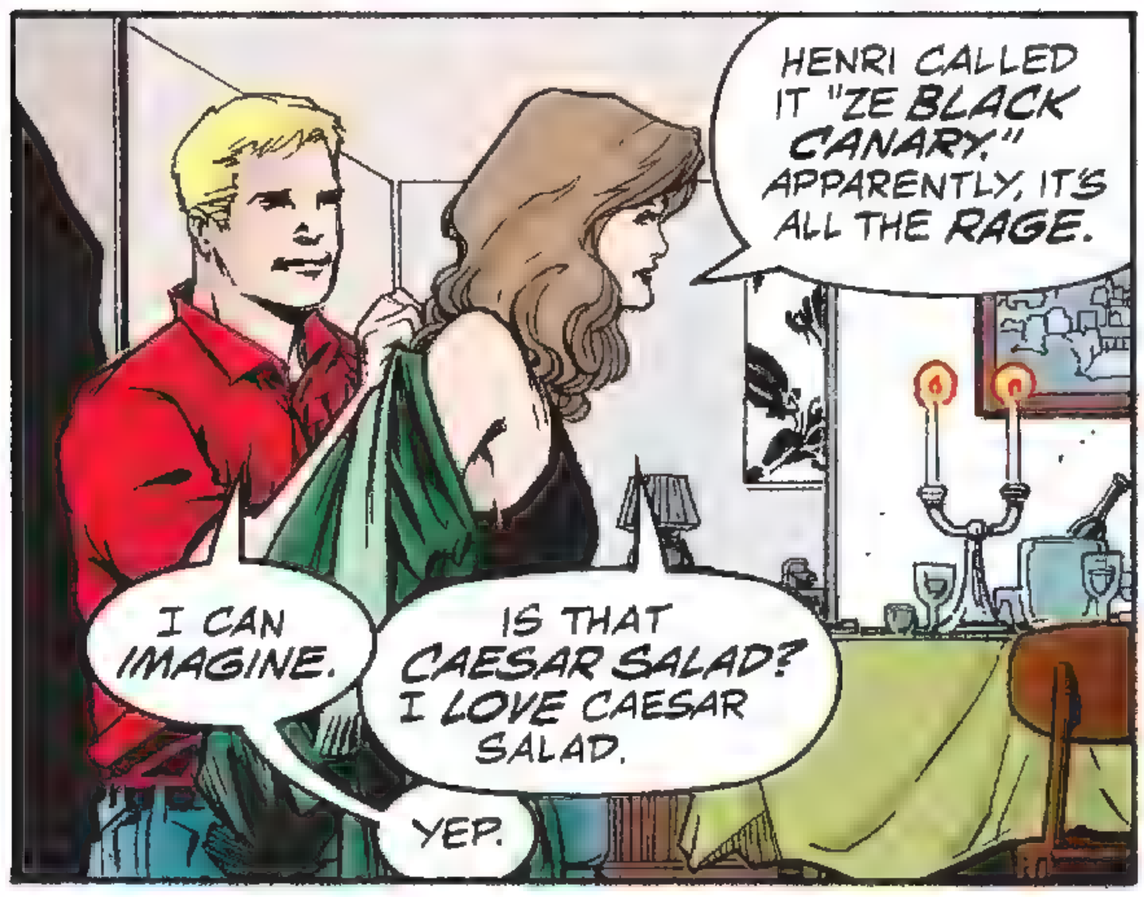
DING...

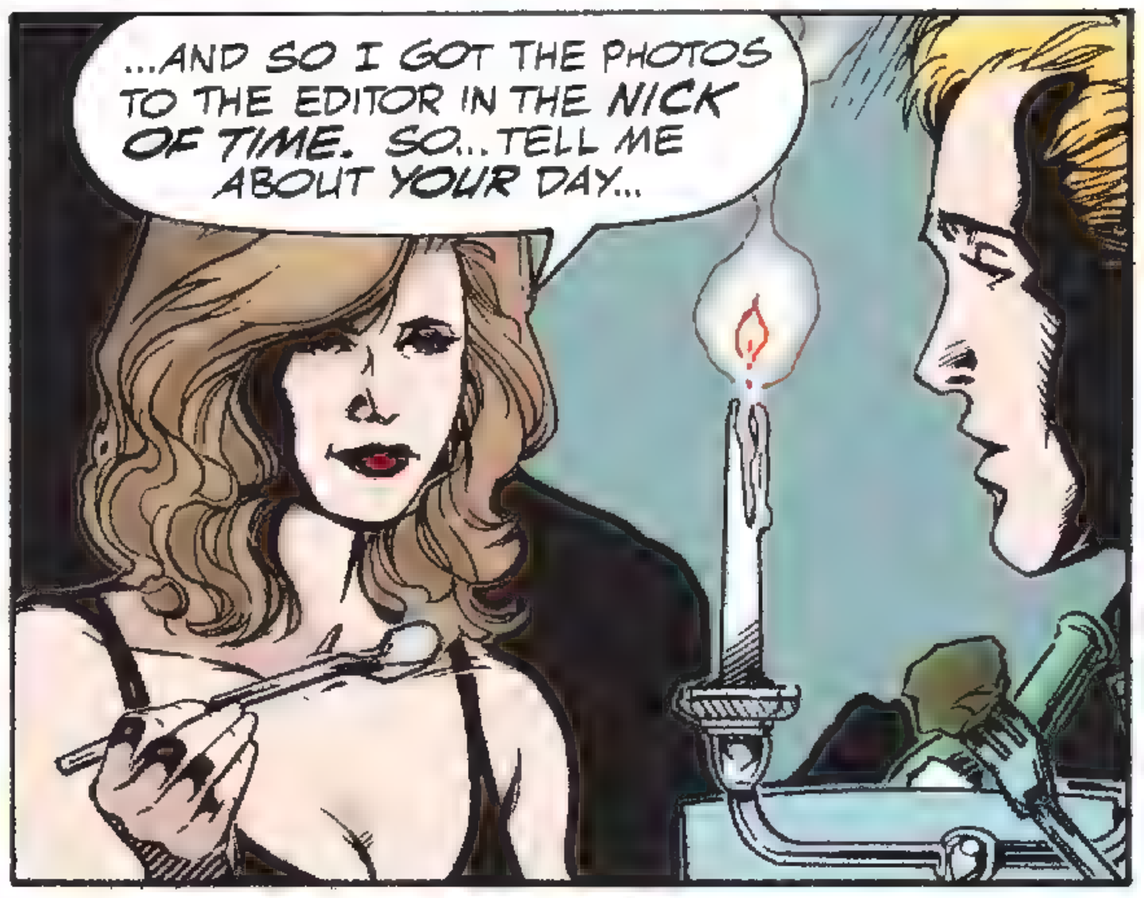
...AND THEN I AM *OUT* OF HERE!

...DONG


YOU RANG?
YOU ARE HOME? AND STILL I WAITED FOR FIVE MINUTES?


HOW DO YOU DO THAT?
EVEN WHEN YOU'RE WHERE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE, YOU'RE LATE!
YOU LOOK GREAT! NEW HAIRCUT?


HENRI CALLED IT "ZE BLACK CANARY." APPARENTLY, IT'S ALL THE RAGE.
I CAN IMAGINE.
IS THAT CAESAR SALAD? I LOVE CAESAR SALAD.
YEP.


...AND SO I GOT THE PHOTOS TO THE EDITOR IN THE NICK OF TIME. SO...TELL ME ABOUT YOUR DAY...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DEAR? TOP SECRET STUFF?
CAREFUL... OR I'LL START THINKING YOU'RE SEEING ANOTHER WOMAN...!

♪...HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR WESLEY...

♪...HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!♪

REX! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE! YOU--

JUNIOR!

HEY, EVERYBODY, LOOK WHO'S HERE!

ONE OF THOSE "JUSTICE LEAGUERS" WE'VE BEEN HEARING SO MUCH ABOUT!

DON'T TEASE HER, WES! HI, SWEETIE! HOW YA BEEN?

WE'VE BEEN WATCHING YOUR NEW PALS, DINAH! THEY AS GOOD AS THEY LOOK?

ARE YOU KIDDING? THEY'RE AMAZING! LAST NIGHT, WE--

--WELL--OF COURSE, WE'RE NO JUSTICE SOCIETY--

KIDDO, I CAN REMEMBER A DAY WHEN THE JUSTICE SOCIETY WAS NO JUSTICE SOCIETY.

LONG TIME GONE, CHARLES. IT'S A YOUNG MAN'S GAME AGAIN.

THEN IT'S A GOOD THING WE HAVE THIS FINE YOUNG WOMAN KEEPING THEM IN LINE. SHE'S THE ONLY SECOND GENERATION WE'VE GOT...

...WHICH MAKES HER OUR LINK TO THE FUTURE.

ALAN! YOU BOYS LEAVE HER BE!

DON'T BE SILLY. SHE LOVES IT.

SHE'S A SWELL KID, TED. WISH I HAD SOMEBODY TO PASS THE "ATOM" IDENTITY TO.

I KNOW, AL. DID I TELL YOU MY DAVID'S TALKING ABOUT TAKING UP THE STARMAN ROLE?

REALLY? CONGRATULATIONS! THAT'S REALLY SOMETHING!

SAY, HERE'S ONE OF THE WHOLE LANCE FAMILY. I DIDN'T KNOW LARRY ALL THAT WELL, BUT-- GEEZ--HE 'N' DINAH, SR. WERE MARRIED FOREVER.

THEY WERE MIGHTY HAPPY, WEREN'T THEY?

THAT THEY WERE, AL. LARRY...

...LARRY WAS A VERY LUCKY MAN.

TED?

HMM?

OH. SORRY. YOU WANT SOME PUNCH...?

WHOEVER YOU ARE, THERE'S CAKE ON THE COUNTER! HELP YOURSELF!

DINAH?

I--I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T MEAN TO STARTLE YOU, I--

IT'S...OKAY, TED. IT'S JUST... BEEN AWHILE, HASN'T IT?

YEAH. WELL...

...YEAH.

'NIGHT, JUNIOR. GOTTA *RUN*.

UNCLE TED...?

WEIRD. WHAT WAS *THAT* ALL ABOUT?

I...I HAVE SOMETHING TO *TELL* YOU, DINAH... ABOUT *TED*...AND *ME*. SOMETHING FROM A *LONG TIME AGO*...

WHAT?

--AND THIS IS THE SQUAD ROOM. NOT MUCH TO LOOK AT--

MIDDLETOWN POLICE HEADQUARTERS

...AND THAT WRAPS UP TODAY'S INVESTIGATION...

--BUT WE TAKE PRIDE IN OUR CONVICTION RECORD--

JOHN! I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE EVEN YOU HERE THIS LATE!

HELLO, DIANE. WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?

DETECTIVE VINCE LOGAN, THIS IS MY PARTNER, JOHN JONES.

VINCE AND I MET AT O'HERLIHY'S. HE SAID HE'S NEVER ATTENDED AN AUTOPSY, I CALLED HIM A WUSS, AND IT TURNED INTO A DATE.

ECTIVE

IS SHE THIS ROUGH ON ALL OUT-OF-TOWNERS?

HI, JOHN. I KNOW YOU BY REPUTATION.

REALLY.

APPARENTLY, YOU'RE QUITE... THE MANHUNTER.

I HOPE TO LEARN FROM YOU.

WELL?

WELL, WHAT?

WELL, WHAT'S YOUR READING?

COFFEE CO.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE MY LITMUS TEST ON GUYS. YOU REALLY HAVE AN INSTINCT FOR SNIFFING OUT THE WINNERS FROM THE LOSERS.

SO?

...

BAD VIBE. HE'S ALREADY PLANNING ON INVITING YOU BACK TO THE JACUZZI IN HIS HOTEL ROOM.

OH, STOP. HE'S NOT THAT MUCH OF A CHEESEBALL...

HERE YOU GO. SAY... HOW ARE YOU FOR JACUZZIS...?

HOW? HOW DO YOU DO THAT? YOU'RE AN ABSOLUTE MINDREADER!

I'M LEARNING MORE ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE EVERY DAY. CHALK IT UP TO THAT.

C'MON, DIANE. LET'S GET WET.

SCRUNCH

YEEOW.

JOHN! COME... COME WITH US! YOU... YOU NEED NEW FRIENDS...!

IN FACT, I'VE FOUND A GROUP I CAN BELONG TO.

WHETHER THEY CAN ACCEPT ME, HOWEVER, IS A QUESTION AS YET UNANSWERED.

WHATEVER. JOHN--!

NICE MEETING YOU, VINCE.

NO--NO, PLEASE--

BEGIN.

--PLE-

FRZZTTK

NOTE: SUBJECT HAS PASSED OUT FROM PAIN AND SHOCK...

...WHILE OUR ALIEN CONSTRUCT HAS INSTANT MOTOR RESPONSE TO ITS GRAFTED LIMBS.

THANK GOD WE DIDN'T GIVE IT VOCAL CORDS, EH?

HMMPH.

FURTHER NOTE: TRANSPLANTED LIMBS QUICKLY REDUCED TO PROTOPLASM.

TCH, TCH.

NO MATTER. A FIELD TEST SHOULD FINE-TUNE THE PROCESS.

WHO CAN WE SEND OUT?

ALLOW US THE PLEASURE.

MONSIEUR MALLAH.

THE BRAIN.

MADAME ROUGE.

WE CALL OURSELVES THE BROTHERHOOD.

YOU MAY CALL US ALLIES...

TO BE CONTINUED!